

The Historie of

Hot. That Roane shall be my throne: Well, I will backe him straight, O fiperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What failest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you madheaded ape, a weazell hath not such a deal of spleene, as you are rost with. In faith Ile know your busines Harry, that I wil: I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito answer me directly, vnto this questiō that I shall aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you triffler, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with mamuets, and to tilt with lips,

We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me my horse!

What failest thou Kate; what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Wel, do not then: for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tel me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I wil swere,

I loue thee infinitely. But harken you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whither I go: nor reason where about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you Gentle Kate:

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I wil beleaue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, so far?

Hot.

Henrie the fourth.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harken you Kate,

VVhither I go, thither shall you go too:

To day will I let forth, to morrow you:

VVill this content you Kate?

Lady I must off force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Paines.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Paines. VVhere hast bin Hal?

Prin. VVith three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or foure score hogf-heads. I haue founded the very base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of VVales, yet I am the King of curtesie, & tel me flatly I am not proud lack, like Falstaf, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy: (by the Lord so they call mee) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, & when you breath in your warring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his owne language, during my life. I sel thee Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet Ned: to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, than eight shillings & six pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anone, anon sir, skore a pint of bassard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away time til Falstaf come: I prethee do thou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling Francis, that his tale to me may bee nothing but, anone, steppe side, and Ile shew thee a present.

Paines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Paines. Francis.

Enter drawer

(Rafse.

Fran. Anone an one sir, looke downe into the Pomgarret,

D 2

Prince